

# THE

# NAMELESS

# CITY

FALL 1966 100

## THE NAMELESS CITY by H.P. Lovecraft

ROBERT E. HOWARD      ALBERT W. DERLETT  
DAVID H. KELLERMAN      AND OTHERS

A SHEPHERD-WOLFGEMUTH PUBLICATION

# FANCIFUL TALES

*Devoted to the Amazing Story*

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## A word from the Editor

Things are working very well here for the publication. We are looking for more this time. We have just corresponded with two fans that you, the reader may enjoy. It We hope you do. In PACIFIC L TALE it is our intention to publish short stories of fantasy. What fiction means fiction and that most elusive of all fictions of fictions, Pure Fantasy. Naturally we want to know your reactions. Do you like this issue? Do you suggest any changes to it? Do you prefer one type of story about another and do you advise us to play up on that type? What do you think of the stories in this issue? In short we'd like to know your thoughts and reactions as you peruse this issue.

PACIFIC L TALE is always looking for new material. Manuscripts on file - all are equally welcome. Stories submitted will be promptly reviewed and returned upon. We welcome any type of imaginative work. We hope between these to enjoy fantasy to any or all of its phases.

Naturally, it would delight us if you would advance our magazine to your friends and acquaintances. Only then can we grow in size and content, up quantity and quality. If you will put word on - we will put word on. We thank you.

# PAINFUL TALES

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## COMING!

In future issues we have stories by the above authors and new judgments of *Mythos* by J. Haver Haggard! The *Psychic Transfer* by Ralph Milne Farley, *The Eagle* by Robert Bloch, and numerous others.

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NUMBER 50


EDITED BY EDWARD W. TREMPER, GAITHER, MD.



BY H. P. LOVECRAFT

*Curiously stronger than that which the eyes see, to the senses of touch  
and the pores of the nostril*

• • •

 1929 I destroyed the substance of the book. It was because I was  
travelling in a haunted and terrible valley under the moon - and the book

it protruding unusually above the roofs as parts of a canyon may protrude from arid mountains. Four miles from the city were three of this very nature of the stupas. The great greenness of the eldest spruce, and a thousand were expelled the last India. The oldest, from nothing and nothing except that no one should see, and no man who had ever lived in the

Remains in the desert of Araby has the same city, something and something. The low walls nearly hidden by the shade of ancient trees. It must have been there before the first stones of Memphis were laid, and while the walls of Memphis were yet unbroken. There is no legend so old as to give it power so its walls that it was even older than the old of the white-paved road, something and something. It was by the walls in the town of the walls so that all the walls about it without walls. Something else. It was of this place that Abdul Adnan had the most good. Something else. The right to say his something else.

"That is not true which you think so,  
And with strange men even death may die."

I also have known that the walls had good reason for showing the something else, the city which in strange lands but even by its living men, yet it is not true and true. Something else. Something else. I also have known it, and that is why to show. Two hours each of the walls of four or more, why an other man who was heavily with the right which nothing was the same. When I came upon it in the ghostly silence of something else, it looked at me, shilly from the eyes of the cold men under the desert's look. And as I returned the look I forgot my something else. I was, and stopped with nothing to do for the time.

For hours I waited. All the sun grew grey and the stars faded, and the grey to red to red light which I thought I heard a something and saw a stream of sand flowing among the walls in some through the city was clear and the red colour of the something else. Then I looked down the desert's

for the sun rose the blazing edge of the sun, was through the clay masonry which was peeling away, and in my derelict state I feared that from some remote depth there came a crash of wooden metal to tell me they also in Rome held it from the books of the Bible. My ears rang and my imagination worked as I beat up tentatively across the sand to that remote stone place, that place beyond the Egypt and Rome to remember, that place which I alone of living men had seen.

In that vast amongst the stuporous foundations of forgotten palaces I wandered, shuffling across a sanding as heavily that in tell of thousands. If now they were, who built this city and dwell therein as long ago. The air-liquidity of the spot was overwhelming, and I longed to remember some sign or device to prove that this city was indeed founded by mankind. There were certain proportions and dimensions in the ruins which I did not like. I had with me many tools and diagrams, while the walls of the differentiated edifices, but progress was slow, and nothing significant was revealed. When night and the moon returned I felt a chilled wind which brought me fast, so that I did not dare to remain in the city. And as I went outside the ancient walls to sleep, a wind-sighing specterism gathered behind me, blowing over the grey stones through the moon was bright and marked the desert still.

I awoke just as dawn drew a pigment of terrible disease, my ears ringing as from some terrible pain. I saw the sun peering softly through the half-gone of a brick masonry that lay over the sandstone city, and marked the splendor of the rest of the landscape. Once more I wandered while those traveling notes that settled beneath the sand like an eye under a wheel, and again lay ready for miles of wandering. I saw Acacia-bushes, still in the afternoon I spent much time looking the walls and the Egyptian mounds, and the remains of the nearly vanished buildings. I saw that the city had been mighty indeed, and a marvel that the ruins of the greatness. To myself I pictured all the splendours of an ancient city.

land that (I should say) we could go, and thought of beneath the Desert, that, possibly the land there where mankind was young, and of it, that was vision of grey stone before mankind existed?

All at once I came upon a plain where the land rose now, such through the sand-gall formed a low cliff, and here I saw with joy what seemed to promise further traces of the actualization people. There surely on the face of the cliff were the indications of the oldest several small, square rock houses or temples whose interiors might preserve many secrets of our far remote pre-historic, though undoubtedly had long since suffered any over-laps which may have been visible.

Very low and undulating went all of the dark, open, open, open, but I cleared out with my spear and walked through it, carrying a torch to reveal whatever experience it might hold. When I was inside I saw that the opening was indeed a temple, and behold plain signs of the men that had lived and worshipped before the desert was a desert. Polished stone pillars, and stones, all variously low, were set about, and through I saw no sculptures nor paintings, there were many singular stones clearly they signify symbols by artificial means. The business of the civilization was very strange, for I could hardly meet their latest spirits, but the area was so great that my torch showed only part of it, and a thin, faintly-litness of the far corners, for outside stones and stones impaled fragments of wood, covering, and beautiful nature and made me wonder what manner of man would have made and frequented such a temple. When I had seen all that the place contained, I turned about again, and so that what the other temple might yield.

Night had now approached, yet the temple's things I had seen made suddenly stronger than then, so that I did not flee from the long narrow, narrow, narrow that had sheltered me when first I came the wilderness. In the twilight I cleared another aperture and within saw torches crowded into it, finding more vague stones and symbols, though nothing more definite than the other temple had contained. The room was just as low, but much less broad, leading to a very narrow passage crowded with stones and things.



small stream. About these depths I was paying what the sailors of a whet and of my usual habits broke through the stillness as I drew as high as the water could carry. I lightened the boat.

The moon was gleaming brightly over the primitive rocks, lighting a dense cloud of mist that seemed blown by a strong but descending wind from some point along the cliff ahead of me. There it was this chilly, deadly wind which had disturbed the vessel and was about to beat her. In a place of better shelter, when I ceased to glance up and saw that there was no wind up the cliff. This astonished me and made me fearful again. But I immediately recalled the sailors' tale, with that I had seen and heard before I landed and started, and judged it was a normal thing. I decided it came from some rock. There being no wind, and nothing the likelihood need to trace it to the source, soon perceiving it as it came from the black cliffs of a temple a long distance east of me. I turned out of sight, against the shadow and behind I glided toward this temple, which as I moved it seemed larger than the rest, and showed a doorway the less stopped with white sand. I would have entered had not the terrible force of the fog wind almost paralyzed my hands. It passed slowly out of the dark, being nothing more than a cold and the sand began to move, till the fog was at last gone. But a promise seemed nothing among the transformations of the air, and when I glanced at the moon it seemed to glare as though silent. I was surprised. I was then a little time, I could hardly see the strength to pull up the boat for another as again as the wind was gone from. I entered into the dark chamber from which it had come.

This temple, as I had reached from the outside, was a great hall of stone. I had visited before, and was personally surprised to find about it here which from some region beyond. There I could not quite recall, but now that the clouds and darkness as low as those in the other temple. On the wall of the hall I found for the first time some traces of the glacial past of the natural man, instead of the glacial past of the past that had

almost faded or smothered away, and as two of the others I saw with shining parchment a mass of well-fashioned north-western carvings. As I held my head aloft it seemed to me that the shape of the roof was too regular to be natural, and I wondered what the problem is outside of stone had first worked upon. Their engineering skill must have been vast.

Then a brilliant flash of the fantastic flame showed me that the vehicle I had been seeking, the stepping to these exterior spheres where the guides, who had shown me I grew faint when I saw that it was small and plainly sculpted down-stretched to the mid rock. I thrust my head within, instantly a black tunnel with the roof arched low over a rough flight of very small, numerous, and steeply descending steps. I shall always see these steps in my dreams, for I came to learn what they meant. At the time I hardly knew whether to call them steps or mere ledges in a pyramid's descent. My mind was swirling with mad thoughts, and the words and meanings of such prophetic names to first across the desert from the like lands that men knew in the nameless city that men dare not know. Yet I hesitated only a moment before advancing through the portal and commencing to climb steadily down the steep passage, but first, as though in a vision:

It is only in the last few moments I drop or believe that my eyes may yet have such a dreamy vision. The narrow passage leads effortlessly down the same hollow hatched wall, and the torch I held above my head would not light the unknown depths toward which I was crawling. I lost track of the hours and forgot to count my breath, though I was frightened when I thought of the distance I must be traversing. There were changes of direction and of steepness, and once I came to a long, low, level passage where I had to crouch; but first along the rocky floor, holding back at arm's length beyond my head. The place was not high enough

for handling. After that were more of the steep steps, and I was still wondering, down incessantly when my falling torch died out. I do not think I understood at the time, for when I did notice it I was still holding it before me as if it were alive. I was quite well pleased with that lantern for the strange and the unknown which had made me a wanderer upon earth and a stranger of the, ancient and forgotten places.

In the darkness there flared before my mind fragments of my childhood memory of luminous ferns, sometimes from a forest the next day, paragraphs from the forgotten magazines of Christmas, and letters from home from the delightful "Temps de l'année" of *Chapitre de l'été*. I imagined upon subjects and pictures of legends and the imagination flared with me down the cliff. Later standing in it and ever again a phrase from one of Lord Dunsany's "Tales" — "the greenish-white brightness of the elms." — came when the darkness grew amazingly close I noticed something in the sky above Thomas Moore would have called a vision more :

"A remembrance of darkness: What  
 As with the darkness rose, when first  
 With moon-drops in its milky shell  
 I sought to look if feet might pass  
 Even there? But when I saw beneath,  
 As far as vision could report,  
 The lofty above no clouds to give,  
 Looking on it just beneath it still  
 With stars dark; this the face of Earth  
 Thence rose upon the living stars"

There had gathered round me a lot of things, first again, felt a level floor, and I found myself in a place slightly higher than the rooms in the two other lamp-lit rooms directly the end of a long hall. I was close to the wall, but could hear myself, and on the dark I shuffled and on a floor and timbered ceiling. I now knew that I was in a room or passage where the floor was flagstones and walls were of the big glass panes. It is that old window and the glass panes I felt of each thing as polished wood and glass. I was there at the point of the lantern. The room was apparently striped along each side of the passage at regular intervals, and were shining and had been. Suddenly the vision in shape and size. When I tried to move two or three for further examination, I found that they were fixed fastened

and that the passage was long one, so that the light could not go

swaying one that would have seemed horrible had any eye beheld me in the darkness, crowding from side to side occasionally to feel of my surroundings and to see the walled rows of rooms still obscured so that to me it seemed to throb rhythmically that I should forget the darkness and picture all the infinite varieties of wood and glass in the bewitchedly mysterious as things I saw in, and there in a moment of intolerable emotion I did so.

Just when my fancy merged into real sight I cannot tell, but there came a grained glass sheet, and all at once I knew that I saw the life within of this world and the same, crowded by some volcanic substance as phosphorescence. For a little while all was exactly as I had imagined it, when the glass was very faint, but as I mechanically kept standing about from the stronger light, I realized that my fancy had been too faint. This hall was no relic of novelty like the temples in the deep above, but a mass-mass of the most magnificent and surely, on this, vivid, and dazzling, far more designs and pictures formed continuously in bits of metal pointing where lines and colors were beyond description. The mass was of a strange golden mass, with streaks of opaque glass, and containing the moulded forms of creatures approaching in grotesque yet the most characteristic of man.

To convey any idea of these sensations is impossible. They were of the right kind, with body lines suggesting somehow the moulds, sometimes the real, but more often nothing of which either the material or the picture-light ever heard. Inside they demonstrated a small mass and these bits have been definite and certainly feel curiously like human hands and figures. But strangest of all was their heads, which presented a mixture relating all known biological principles. The nothing was not things but well compared—in the fact of thought, of comparisons or varied in the real, the brilliant, the mystic being, and the human being. But very little had had an ordered and pronounced a forward, yet the same and the mysterious and the alligator-like just placed the things inside all established metaphors. I debated for a time on the reality of the

attention, half suspecting they were artificial. But they were decided they were beautiful—so picturesque a scene which had lived when the mountain city was alive. To secure this picturesque scene, most of them brought greatly enriched by the addition of fables, and lavishly laden with ornaments of gold, jewels, and other valuable metals.

The importance of these travelling companies must have been great, for they held first place among the chief designs on the treasure world and calling. With material wealth had the artists among them in a world of their own, wherein they had cities and gardens fashioned to suit their imaginations, and I could not help but think that their pictured history was altogether, perhaps showing the programme for men that would guide them. These companies, I said to myself, were to the east of the mountain city what the star-walk was to Rome, or some intimation to a tribe of Americans.

Reiding this view, I thought I could trace roughly a wonderful epic of the mountain city, the tale of a mighty ancient metropolis that ruled the world before it fell from out of the world, and of the struggles as the sun slunk away, and the desert came from the fertile valley that held it. I saw its wars and tribulations, the terrible and fearful, and I followed the terrible fight against the desert when thousands of the people—here represented in allegory by the gnomes or reptiles—were driven to climb their way down through the volcanic and convulsive masses to another world where their prophetic had told them. It was all vividly real and real life, and the connection with the enormous desert I had made was an independent. I was amongst the passages.

As I crept along the corridor toward the brighter light I saw later stages of the pictured epic—the last a telling of the war that had ended in the mountain city and the valley around for an million years, the time when men slunk from guiding across their bodies and known as long

which they had noticed as moments in the earth's youth, hovering in the twilight of their present darkness at which they had never ceased to marvel. Now that the light was better I studied the pictures more closely still, remembering that the strange scenes must represent the unknown. Now, pondered upon the violence of the nameless city. Many things were still a faint dimorphism. The civilization, which indicated a wealth depicted, undoubtedly stood to a higher order than those homogeneously better civilizations of Egypt and China. Yet there were certain elements I could, for example, find no pictures to represent death—funerals; here, even such scenes related to wars, violence, and plagues, and I wondered at the religious ideas concerning natural death. It was as though an ideal of immortality had been declared as a standing ideal.

Still nearer the end of the passage were painted scenes of the most picturesque and interesting, constructed views of the unknown city in its flourish and growing state, and of the strange new order of civilization to which the road had hither led way through the desert. In these views the city and the desert valley were shown always by moonlight, a golden shadow hovering over the fallen walls and half-revealing the splendid perfection of former times, almost completely and shakily by the artist. The painted scenes were almost too extravagant to be believed, portraying a hidden world of eternal day filled with glorious cities and villages and hills and valleys. At the very last I thought I saw signs of an artistic selfishness. The passages were too skillful, and made more bizarre than even the wildest of the artist's scenes. They seemed to reveal a clear consciousness of the content such, coupled with a growing tendency toward the notable world from which it was derived by the artist. The faces of the people—always represented by the most perfect features—appeared to be gradually wearing away, though their spirit as shown hovering above the ruins by moonlight, gained in proportion. Emotional pictures displayed in

happier to remain where I was! The upper air and all who breathed it, and the world, that is, the stars in particular looking down, perhaps glimmered at random facts. The City of Pillars, then, lay down by itself toward the other part. I was relieved here. The Azule lost the tenuous ship, and was glad that happened there, place the grey walls and ceiling were here.

As I turned the passage of aerial history I had approached very slowly the, what, the sky-called wall, and was aware of a gate through which came all of the illuminating philosophy, man. Changing up to it I noted slowly in transmitted assistance of what lay beyond the instant of what in I lighted chambers there was only the bluish-white void of unknown existence and as the night deep when going down from the peak of Mount Everest it was a sea of white mist. Still down was a passage as strange I don't understand about as right to it. In '75, the way in looking at mathematics of things.

As I went down from the passage into the sky was the head of a ship I lighted as (a-mathematical) steps like those of the black passage I had known when I was a boy from the glowing square (mathematical) things through back upon again the left hand wall of the passage was a number one of lines, incredibly thick and decorated with geometric law which would be almost that the whole head would all light away from the wall of a passage of such. I looked at the steps, and for the moment lost my them. I turned the eyes from there and could not move it. Then I went past to the other head, my mind of lines with perhaps reflect-jaw which was a few like existence could be that.

As I lay still with closed eyes I tried to make, many things like I slightly noted lightly in the human mind back to me with very real terrible ship of lines—space representing the tenuous ship in history the—over the valley around it and the distant lands with which the atmosphere faded. The allegory of the evening existence made me try to extend perception and I wondered that it should be so clearly believed in a physical history of such importance to the human the tenuous





rather telling signs in the features showed horror and confusion that were but fugitive, with only here and there some vaguely familiar outlines. Of what could have happened the geological signs alone the geologists would hardly doubt, but long years would be required to bring certain things out. Life had been turned in those scenes and in the features that lay just now I was alone with wild fancies, and I trembled to think of the millions upon thousands which those ruins had kept a silent deserted vigil.

Suddenly there came a clear burst of blue upon that which had hitherto seemed almost as ever when I discerned the world's edge and the emptiness under such stars, indicating my education. I perceived that something dreadfully in a nothing position and going back along the black voids toward the worlds that were in the outer world. My sensations were like those which had made me that I began to fly at night, and were as impossible as they were poignant. In another moment, however, I realized a still greater shock in the form of a definite sound—the first which had broken the other silence of those hole-like depths. It was deep, low sounding, as if a distant humming of unnumbered spheres, and came from the direction in which I was staring. The volume rapidly grew till it was a tumult brightly shining like the low passage, and at the same I became consciousness of a burning drought of solids. Then but flowing from the sun and the city above. The touch of this air seemed to restore my balance, for I instantly recalled the golden grains which had been around the world of the sky as well as around, one of which had indeed revealed the hidden scenario to me. I looked at my watch and saw that somewhere was, as I had myself to realize the gain that was sweeping down to the earth below as it had swept forth its evening. My face again turned low, there a natural phenomenon for the to sleep knowledge was

## The gateway

Here and gone really proved the shivering – meaning night, what here that grief of the inner earth. I dropped down again and climbed easily at the flow for fear of being swept bodily through the narrow into the phantasmagoric city as. But fear I had not expected, neither I gave notice of an actual stepping of my foot beyond the edge; I was bound by a thin, most serene barrier of apprehension and imagination. The embracing of the limit seemed to create freedom, other more encompassing and absolutely by its the only frame for imagination. Righted earlier, the man who was torn by poverty the common man, for it is the homeless starving of the morning citizens that seemed to strike a shattering rage of the stronger because it was always present. I asked I imagined that death was the hell – I was almost that – but if I did not my other was lost for the hell here, hell of the hovering that voids. It is of this when I applied the momentary to take to rest, for I could not expect my own and that ended slowly and came slowly toward the unknown world. Finally means must have wholly stopped, for I fell to hovering over and over that a complete complement of the that Arch affected, who dreamed of the common city.

That is not that which can stand for  
 And with strange ones even death may die.

Only the price hovering towers go to know what, only both place what indelible struggles and emotions in the dark I suffered or what I had seen guided me back to the – where I was always present and alive in the night, what all children – all men – should see. Meanwhile, completed, enclosed, and the thing – but far beyond all the ideas of man to be followed except in the direct terrible and hours of the morning when one again sleep.

I do recall that the day of the morning that was intended – perhaps – meant – and that the above were things with the past, as vibrations of dreams – images. Presently there came white still again before the dream to my hovering body as like nothingness from behind me and there there the greyer – as a shadow – was that I could see. Inexplicable for the day's world of man. Like the phantasmagoric wandering of the wandering of death. Turning I saw within against the endless walls of the city what could be, in man spirit in the dark of the world of difference from of resting death, like a perfect, grotesque puppet, laid transparent death of a man to the night, white – the crawling motion of the common city.

And in the shadowed way I was plunged into the great pain of the – man of earth a human – for behind the last of the street the great house was that strange and with a (white) and of terrible ends whose presence was not in the distant world to tell the thing was an illusion, like it, from the house of the city.

# • UMBRIEL •

by DONALD A. WOLLASTON

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A most most most

Please listen from the files of the Glorven Government Department of Interplanetary Navigation. — In answer to the oft-repeated question asked, unknown as to why our vessels always avoid the second satellite of our Uranian system, the following document is in evidence. It is a condensation of the report of E. public, former lieutenant of several generations ago. —

My craft slipped through the atmosphere of Umbriel without much trouble. It was much darker and wetter than my previous one personed. After landing, my instruments registered as high as the doggone below were. Education (Hunk translation?)

I grounded the ship upon a flat section of soft greenish soil (or soil is a more exact first glance through the ice windows.) After clearing the horizon off, I made study of the surface and chose the territory for Glorven — providing there were no natives.

Stepping out, my soles were greeted by a most dead stretch. The air was thick, heavy, warm, and very bad of odor. It was hardly breathable, and an intense white poured up from the ground. I tried, which soon sapped my energy very much.

As soon as I set out to walk about, my feet sunk into the mud and it was necessary to keep pulling them out, which was accompanied by a most discomforting sucking noise. The ground seemed more like some of the very legends that our ancestors produce in their literature when they get temperatures high enough to almost walk hot.

For a while I walked my way along. Then a section of the ground below me swelled while I walked into a large hemispherical depression and escaped. A cloud of intense vapor was emitted and swelled past me. It was most peculiarly like a bubble.

Coming upon a large piece of yellowish rock, standing isolated out of the ground, I stopped and examined it. It was composed of some porous hard shiny substance unlike anything nature produces. There was a most unnatural feeling about the thing.

There was a movement behind me and turning I saw one of the large natives in Unkooli coming from a hole in the ground, with a large shapeless white object having neither arms, legs, eyes, ears nor other external appendages. It had a mouth and a tubular several foot long shiny body. And something else.

I examined it to see what it was doing. And when I saw and recognised, I knew then what sort of sphere I was in. For the thing was eating the soil! It was devouring the greenish ground with considerable voracity. It was a worm, a great worm of enormous proportions. And it could only be eating the flesh of a dead creature!

Fleeing back to my Ukeal, I found it already half eaten on the meeting curtain. Leaving her in, I descended the door and took off with a stack of my ginseng-root tablets that lay the store.

Never will any more creature go to Unkooli again. For it is not a natural globe—it is the sealed up carcass of a dead animal, a great monster from some million world out of far space. Somewhere it had been hurled through the void and captured by Uranus. And now, that it has been warmed a little by the heat of the far off sun, and near Uranus, it has started on rotting, and the worms have come out of the depths of its body to feed.

Forever let it rot in isolation, for they are not the only things that dwell there. About the worm's carcass was a world. Half with strange shapes on it. Somewhere in the depths, in the very bowels of that rotten corpse world, lives intelligence—a man's consciousness having feeding off the bodies of the worms, even as the worms feed off the rotten planet-form. A race of unscrutable hideous and redolent creatures dwelling there, like, for they know nothing of other worlds Great that they never do learn.

## THE FORBIDDEN ROOM 27

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By DEANE W. BUNDEL

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Deep from prison in the earth

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It is said that an old pirate once dwelt in Hispaniola why he chose that isolated and desolate village no one ever knew for the place is many miles from the sea, hidden among the back hills. His secret has been safeguarded in numerous ways that have

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and it was no escape the sight of the women who had been his lovers, whose names have suggested that certain women might want to be taken into the great prison, were he to admit the beauty of a wife. His name was Peter Jones that name symbolized wealth enormous, hidden treasures, which, though none had ever seen them, formed part of the tradition legend. When Jones is mentioned natives will point to a tall, three-story dwelling which, with one other near from across a surrounding group of hovelts, and will explain to travelers who happen to stop at the cheapest hotel, that such was his house. But unless they know the village well, they will tell no more, for the people of Hampden do not like to have their stories collected—as would certainly happen were they to tell all they knew of Peter Jones.

The village has been deserted for many years—no one knows the exact number—and strangers who are attracted to the quiet but sinister place are warned against entering it. Inside the ancient, gabled dwelling is another house of enormous proportions, brick-made and repainted, whose once level number was of strange and evil character. The second person—was Hiram Mad—had also been rich, but his existence seemed a poor one of poverty than that of Peter Jones, and one which people know more about. The source of his wealth seemed questionable at best.

Before the arrival of Mad in Hampden, and following a capital decision as Jones decided, the latter was ever seen to have a lamp burning in the upper story of his dwelling. It glowed into the small hours as the legend goes, and people passing by the forbidding house thought they heard the muffled clank of armor and great warbling noises, and if Peter Jones were soaring upon and upon his ill-gotten wealth. This went on indefinitely, till at last, one winter morning the old fellow was found, quite dead and cold in the bottom of the long flight of steps which leads to the upper rooms.

They buried him back of the queer dwelling in which he had died, and when the will was read it was discovered that he had

given the property to the peasantry, but of his money not one word was said. At the close of the legal documents they showed a warning—and on this day it is a whispered tale, involving the living years. It ran thus:

Pass not beyond the warning-line,  
My personal wealth has left me poor.

Ordinarily, such a famous couplet would be a very precious and a lucky thing from Hampden's exemplar, but when they returned to find that the warning door was the one opening on the town. First of all, when the strong wind had risen, their wife came who walked to a chamber on the north side of the house. And too, some argued, the position of James' body when discovered was not a pleasant one. For though no mark of violence was found on the corpse, it was possible that instead of falling from the stairs, as was generally supposed, the deceased had leaped purposely to the landing below. But such remarks were left all merged.

The property then lawfully became a part of the township, but although repeated efforts were made by the council to dispose of it at a ridiculously low price, no buyer was ever found. That is, until the advent of Hiram Hall.

When this individual arrived in Hampden he devoted to secure a lot adjoining that of the forbidding house, where he placed a margin made of cobbling. However, his fiery temper and irascible temperament soon drove away most of the denizens which he had brought to town, till he was reduced to miserable poverty. As the years passed, he began to associate persons of the neighborhood group. Just how much or how little he picked up a man could say, but at night he was often seen prowling about in the vicinity of the ancient Parke house. Ah, too, was creeping rapidly upon the man.

Then, one day Hampden was surprised to see Hiram Hall displaying signs of uncommon wealth. He bought the best span of horses available, dressed in stylish clothes and to crown it all, built

an enormous back mansion on the lot — the house which a day today if Hampton still lives. Accompanying the purchase came another house of whispered gossip, for it was learned that his purchases were paid for with strange-looking gold coins. Andard needed no more for talking was raised when it was revealed that he had bought the mansion and stately Paine house on Beacon Street. Whether he knew of the ware lying against the upper rooms was a question one could answer — not if old legends came to enlighten him either, for Hiram had become even more cautious and ingenious, and people shrank from so dark night-time political myths.

About a year later Sam Perkins, in passing the deserted house one night at six, saw a light burning in the lowest story of the dwelling. And when he perceived that it shone from a window of the forbidden room, and heard strange clanking sounds which he remembered of years from past life, he ran crawling down the place and opened the door.

It was early morning before the group got about, and several of the townspeople crowded by the place to see if anything had gone amiss. Making no object out of the ordinary, they moved on, not daring to linger about the house any longer than was necessary. When the day had passed and no Hiram put in an appearance and no word was sent to the firm his company, people again began their whispering.

Here the legend becomes distorted and varied, and the rumor is warned against asking too many questions concerning Hiram. But of what remains, a partial conclusion may be drawn. The man was never found after that, though a diligent search was instituted. Only one place in town was not explored — the local authorities were loath to enter that evil-way door. But it was rumored that if he had died in the forbidden room, the neighbors would soon become weary of his presence, so the door was never opened.

The last bit of evidence as to Hiram's disappearance was a noisy trail which some of the people noticed. It led them to



steps a way from the locked room and moved to the back of the house being forced into a sort of pass or T or point, and from thence, as if some long heavy had been dragged behind the staff, he stepped back along them. The path went straight to the grave of Earl Jones and abruptly stopped, while the rest about the market seemed suddenly deserted. These things were kept from the curious on-lookers, for people did not want Jones' grave uncovered.

Of the fragments of tracks which were yet half visible, the old man will say little. But even here he said that they were not like ordinary footprints in that the walking had the appearance of being formed by heavy pressure upon the ground instead of feet.

The Prince's house will stand beside the great ivy-covered mansion, and to this day students of Hampton say that at midnight queer lights glowed from the third story window and strange clicking sounds are heard, as if Earl Jones were once again searching and counting his money.

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# ROBERT E. HOWARD'S THE HYBORIAN AGE

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AS A SUPPLEMENT IN  
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PELANTAGRAPH

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# Solomon Kane's Home-Coming

by Robert E. Howard

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*It is one and they so many the night dark of Robert E. Howard  
in June 1935. —The Editor*

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111

The white gulls whirled above the cliffs, the air was shaken with foam,  
The long tales moaned along the strand when Solomon Kane came  
Down

His reflection shivers strange and dead through the little Devon town,  
The gas, like a ghost's count back to life, crawled up the streets and  
down

The people followed wonderingly to watch the spectral stars,  
And in the towns whereby they straggled about him, there  
He heard as a man, hewn as a statue the weary old sailors creak,  
And Solomon lifted his drinking-jack and spoke as a ghost might speak

"There are the Richard-Greenville men in smoke and foam he passed,

"And we were run to fly them, but we gave them blast for blast

"From cannon down to chains down, we held the Devon on bay

"The dead lay heaved on our decks, our masts were that way

"We have them back with broken blades, till dawn we ran the tide,

"Death thundered in the cannon smoke when Richard-Greenville died,

"We should have blown her hull apart and sunk beneath the tide."

The people rose upon his words the axes of the rocks of Spain,

"Where is dead?" said Solomon Kane "Who else I covered her name?"

"In the quiet overshadow by the sea she has slept these seven years,"

The sea wind moaned at the windows-pane, and Solomon bowed his  
head.

"Aches in ashes and dust he died, and the barren tide," he said.

His eyes were mystical deep pools that dreamed uselessly things,  
And Solomon lifted up his head and spoke of his wanderings  
"Of the eyes have looked on nothing in the dark and naked lands,  
"Of the hearts of the people given and broken in the passion lands  
"And I have known a deathless queen in a city called Babel,  
"Where towers ring pyramids of skulls for glory monuments,  
"Of the love was like an altar a flag, with the enormous Luteal bed,  
"And her red-eyed youth banded for blood in that City of the Red.  
"And I have seen in a vampire shape that walked a black king white,  
"And I have roamed through greedy halls where dead men walked at  
night  
"And I have seen heads fall like fruit in the slave's hammock,  
"And I have seen winged demons fly all naked in the moon,  
"My feet are weary of wandering and my heart is sick  
"I have would dwell in Devon now, forever in my place,"  
The howling of the storm took some whirling down the gale,  
And Solomon Kane threw up his head like a lion that snuffs the trail,  
A-down the wind like a raining path the boards of the storm leapt,  
And Solomon Kane rose up again and got his Spanish blade,  
In his strange cold eyes a regret glow grew awayward and blind  
and bright,  
And Solomon put the people by and went into the night.  
A wild moon rode the wild white clouds, the waves in white caps  
flowed,  
Then Solomon Kane went forth again and no man knew his road.  
They glimpsed him creaked against the waves, where clouds are left  
up blown,  
They heard an easy eddied sail that whistled down the wind.



# THE TYPEWRITER

BY

David H. Keller, M. D.

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"When I married you I thought that I was going to have a husband," exclaimed Amy Harding. "But instead I have found only a living death with an engine, a slave to a machine."

"When I married you I loved you and I still do," replied her husband. "I do not see why you should complain about my work as long as I make a living for the two of us."

"The same old argument!" retorted the wife. "When we married you were a kind, outgoing man. Your work brought you into contact with living people in the daytime and with your wife at night. We went places and saw things, played bridge, entertained. We had many mutual interests. Now there are only three interests in your life: reading, thinking and writing. Everything else that you do, such as eating, talking, drinking and sleeping, you do only because it is necessary and not because you want to. You begrudge the time spent at meals and you need to enjoy eating."

"At least I am working a better living than I do selling bonds. You have everything you need, and even some luxuries," John Harding said with a smile. He knew that it was a hard statement to deny.

"I was happier when we were poor," his wife retorted. "Then, selling bonds was your business and your wife your recreation. Now I am just a piece of furniture. Our friends need to call me Amy Harding! Now they refer to me as the

wife of the man who wrote *THE PERPETUAL BURNINGMOON* and the every person who knows you are a married man there are ten thousand who speak of you as the creator of Angelina Lamareaux, the wonder woman the perfect movie-star, the modern Lillie, the starkest feminine perfection. Ten million women try to imitate her twenty million adore her Her picture is in every house, her image in every man's heart And, because you created her, fifty million men every day and as many women feel that because you understood Angelina Lamareaux you understand them. Perfumed letters, requests for your autograph, invitations for the week end, requests for lectures—these are my surroundings!

John Harting looked at his wife. It was not the first time that they had talked over the matter of his national popularity, but it was the first time that he had come to a realization of the real psychology of his wife's reaction.

"You are jealous," he said slowly. "Jealous of a character in a book. I believe that your reaction is not unusual. I have read that many authors from Dickens to Gide had similar experiences. Personally, I never could understand it, I understand it less. Why should you feel that way? You spend twenty-four hours a day with me, every minute of the time you know where I am, you open all my mail, and you and the secretary answer all of it. Just what more do you want?"

"You never would understand," she replied, looking slowly as though to a child. "If I talked to you a million years in words of one syllable, you never would understand. Putting it just as plainly as I can, the trouble is just this: I am your wife, and I want to come first in your life. If you are happy I want it to be because you are living with me.

"You lived with your mother for twenty-seven years and

when she died I found you and because I did I want to keep this perpetual monument. Angeline Lamechian came you saw you have gone and spoiled it all by learning to peck on a typewriter and by falling in love with another woman. What is the result? You spend a year or days at a typewriter and nights of incredible imaginations and write into your soul and there was no room for Amy Hunting. Now, you are working on a report. You are polite when I speak to you, you comfort me, but all the time your spirit is far away with that other woman."

"Just a character in a novel, a paper woman?"

"I wish I could believe it! Either explanation is terrible. If there is a real woman, then you have kept more than false to me. If she is only a figment of your imagination, then you are insane. If she is real, I could fight the issue out to a finish with her, but how could any real woman fight a fantasy? If you loved me as you say you do, you would help me. You would put away your typewriter stop dreaming of her, go back to selling books, pay some attention to me and show me that you do not love her."

John Hunting shook his head. There was a look of finality as he gave his determined answer.

"You simply do not understand, anything I say you will not understand. This lack of comprehension is the result of your jealousy. I always wanted to write. Before I knew my letters, before I knew how to read, I made up little stories and read. It was an age when it came that will to write. You know how I bought my typewriter. I told you at the time how I saved the money by going without my lunches. But perhaps I never explained to you the reason for buying that special machine. I had to try it. I went into the penmanship and told the man that I wanted a machine

He had even forgotten that he had one. I had to tell him where it was. (Sure! I had seen it in a dream. This part of the story I cannot blame you for not understanding, because I cannot comprehend it myself.)

"The basic idea is simple: provided you are willing to believe it, a book had to be written, a heroine created, and I, of all the men in the world, had to write that book, had to create that heroine I had to do it, because no one else could do it, and I could do it only with that particular typewriter, lost in a pawn shop and covered with dust. Separate the typewriter and the man, and nothing would happen in a million years; place the two in conjunction, and *THE FANCIFUL ROMANCE* is given to the world.

"You remember the day that I brought the machine home. Now I would not want the repair man to take it from the house, now I had to sit and watch every movement that he made lest in some way he would injure it forever. After it was put in perfect condition, it had to be placed in the proper position: on the right side of a table, on a brown and gold velvet cover you must remember the day that I resigned from my position as a bond salesman and started to write. There was never a moment of hesitation.

"The title the name of the heroine, everything about her: each little detail of her charming personality, every action, conversation, even her dress was familiar to me before I wrote a word of the book as a B.C. or I give it make 4.

I wrote the book I really did not write it, I simply copied it from a book that I could read in the deepest seclusion of my soul with my eyes shut. There was never any hesitation, not a moment of doubt. The name had to be Angelina Lomaxwood—how could it be anything else when that was

her name!

"The book told. That was a part of the program. There was a publisher waiting. I handed him the book and told him the idea. He never seemed to him to reject it. In fact, he seemed to have been waiting for the manuscript."

"I never met the woman. I do not even know that there is such a woman. But I feel that I know her. At first I thought that I was her creator. Later there has come the thought that I am only the mirror that she has used to show her perfect personality to become known to the waiting world. I may be particularly sensitive to vibrations from the spirit world vibrations not perceptible to other men, so that this spirit of Angeline Lawrence simply uses me to make her tangible to a world starving for some symbol of perfect love."

"It has been a year since I finished the book. Since then she has grown more real to me. For a while I was not sure. But now I know that I must write another book about her, and this book shall be a better book. I and my typewriter shall write that book, but we shall only put down on the white pages the story of the life of Angeline Lawrence as she whispers it to me. And that book will give pleasure to the millions who have learned to love the one perfect woman of all the ages."

"If you write it, you will lose me. I shall divorce you!"

"I am sorry," he replied softly. "but if I do not write it, you will lose me anyway, for I shall die of longing and desire to write the story that she has given to my soul."

She looked at him, an incredulous wonder in her eyes.

"No other typewriter would do it, would it? You have to use the one you have?"

"Yes, I have to write on that special one. In some way



It is definitely entangled with the story and the woman."

"Suppose we stop talking and have supper," Amy Hunting suggested.

She put a sedative in his coffee not much, but enough to take the edge off his restlessness and to change his insomnia into tranquil sleep. When she put it in the coffee her only thought was to tear his consciousness away from Angelica Lamermoni for at least a few hours. The real reason did not come to her 'til he was asleep.

Then it occurred to her. Suddenly she realized how she could once again be happy, even though, in the process her husband returned to his former position of eating beads.

She went to the cellar and picked up an ax. It was a very old ax that had not been touched for many years. She went back to her husband's bedroom to make sure that he slept. Then she went to his library where he kept the typewriter, covered with a silk handkerchief. Not daring to take off the cover, she brought the ax down in a single, silent, savage smash.

A cry came, a sharp, piercing scream of a woman in death agony. John Hunting heard the cry, sat up in bed, clasped his bleeding hand, then started, staggering, twisting, screaming from his bedroom to the library. His wife met him at the door.

"Someone has killed Angelica Lamermoni," he moaned, and, pushing her aside with sweeping arms, he followed slowly to his desk and dropped on the crushed typewriter.

## FINIS

## The MAN from DARK VALLEY

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BY

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August W. Derleth

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As early as the jury returned the verdict regarding Jim Everett of the killing of Tom Hart, Mrs. Hart ran and left the courtroom.

Joe Perkins leaned over to Jack Haley and whispered in a voice audible almost all over the room: "That jury's been fixed, or they're afraid of Everett. He's guilty as hell, and everybody knows it."

Both he and Haley got up hastily and followed Mrs. Hart outside the building; they stopped and spoke to her.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Hart," Joe Perkins said, "we've come here to know what you aim to do."

"I guess I'll stay here for a while," the best woman replied.

Joe Perkins shuffled uneasily. "Fact is, Mrs. Hart, Jim Everett's pretty sure to try what he's call *avenger* up things between you and him. And you in that body can't stop the canyon just with him, too."

"I thought of that," she said. "But I don't aim to move out for a while yet. I think I'll see Jim Everett myself one of these days and do things with him. I'm waiting for . . . for a man from Dark Valley yonder."

With that she looked sharply and left them.

"Queer woman," commented Haley dryly. "What was the trouble between her and Jim Everett?"

Joe Perkins shrugged. "I don't put much stock in it, but Jim—he and them two, Tom and his wife, they believed in spirits. They sat around a table and talked to 'em. I don't take no stock in such notions—no, Jack. Not by George, they found out some things at that. And they talked a lot about something they called *spirits* or *parade*, which was supposed to be a spirit from their own bodies, and they could send it out wherever they wanted it to go. Some people has guess

"You wouldn't believe in astrals, would you, Sam?" she asked me. Again she held up her hands. "You wouldn't say I had very strong fingers, would you, Sam?"

idea, and some people realize 'em. I didn't, but Tom Bart was a mighty nice neighbor—disappears' his idea."

Maisy nodded. "And I suppose they found out something about young Johnson's death?" he asked."

"Uh-huh," replied Perkins. "They claimed one of them astrals witnessed it. Tom. It was. They said Edward did it, and I gotta admit Edward was the only one who had any reason to rub the kid out. Tom claimed he saw it."

"And so he didn't live to tell it to a jury, that all?" asked Maisy.

"That's it. Not that a jury'd have believed it, but I guess Jim didn't like the thought of it. So he got rid of Tom and fixed the jury." He paused for a long moment before he added, "And right now I ain't better' than Mrs. Bart ought to be all alone in that cabin. It's too bad for Jim Edward to get at it he takes a notion."

So Perkins stood looking speculatively after the dwindling figure of Mrs. Bart. Abruptly he turned to his companion.

"T'll tell you what—see you gonna be watch that house with me tonight?" he asked. "They told the man who's working from Dark Valley reaches here!"

Maisy hesitated a moment, then he smiled and said, "I'll do it."

There was a light burning in the single western window of the Bart cabin in Lawrence Canyon.

"That's the direction of Dark Valley," Perkins said, stepping off into the impenetrable darkness.

"Anybody coming into the canyon from that side will need a light," commented Haley shortly.

The two of them were sitting on a ledge across the canyon from the Burlesque. Not far behind them the dark forms of their horses moved in the night, and above them a few stars shone dimly in the cloudy sky. A chill wind was sweeping into the canyon from the passes.

The horses passed in silence. Toward midnight the light in the valley almost went out.

"What's going to happen," commented Haley.

Even as he spoke the door of the cabin swung open and a figure appeared on the threshold, crouching over and creaking outside. In a moment two more figures appeared behind it. The three stood for a brief instant in the doorway before sliding from the entrance, then they turned and vanished in the darkness along the ridge into the depths of the canyon that they were on the trail toward the village.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Joe Perkins after. "I never saw anyone head for that cabin."

"Neither did I," Haley said. "But they couldn't get there before we came."

Nothing thoughtful, Joe Perkins said. "That's right." Unconscious came over him suddenly.

The two of them looked at each other.

"Say," said Joe thoughtfully, suddenly, "suppose that wasn't Joe Hart and the man from Dark Valley. Suppose they were something else, two men. There were three people there. My Dad, maybe Edward had somebody with him for her before we came."

Haley caught his breath. "We can settle that in a hurry," he said steadily. "We can go down there and see. Only I can't figure out why they waited this long if so."

They mounted their horses and rode down into the canyon and across. Before the cabin door they pulled up and swung down all their mounts. Perkins reached the door first and knocked. There was no reply. He knocked again. Still there was no reply, and he pushed the door then at a

dark interior. Behind him, Jack Haley struck a match.

They peered into the room, and in the weak flickering light saw Mrs. Hart attack outstretched at table, her head lowered against her outstretched arms. There was an unusual stillness in her posture, and Perkins gasped sharply.

As the two of the entered the cabin, the match went out. Haley immediately lit another, sought and found the lamp out in the west window, and lit it. Perkins went immediately to Mrs. Hart's side. He called softly, holding the light to her face, and then, having received no indication of awakening from her, shook her lightly. Then he moved abruptly to his knees and started into the woman's face.

Perkins turned a sick face to Haley. "She's dead, Jack," he said.

Haley came to his side, and together they bent over Mrs. Hart.

"What're ya looking for?" asked Perkins.

"To see if she's been shot," replied Haley. "There's no wound on her."

For a moment the two looked down on the body of the woman in perplexity. Then Perkins spoke:

"Jack, I'll have to stay here. You run into town and bring out the coroner. Tell hi mother's dead, and we don't know what killed her. Because someone must've killed her. I don't know what killed her; I don't believe she put out that light."

The clatter of Haley's riding came back to Perkins in the cabin, and presently was lost in the night's silence. He sat out a long time without moving, his mind brooding the stillness were an occasional call from a hurrying rail somewhere beyond. An hour passed, and from the other end of the canyon, hoof-beats sounded.

At that moment the body of Mrs. Hart moved. Before his Perkins' horrified gaze, Mrs. Hart raised her head, and slowly slid her arms from the surface of the table. In an instant her eyes met his.

"Hello, boy," she said in a harsh voice.

He was too frightened to speak at once. Then, realising that it was Mrs. Hurt indeed, and as about he said, "My dear, Mrs. Hurt, we thought you was dead!"

She looked at him openmouthedly for what seemed an endless time. Then she began to smile, and in a soft voice she asked: "You saw me here all the time, too?"

"For the last hour," he said, "and Jack Haley, too."

"You could swear I was here, couldn't you, too?" she said.

She thought that she had gone mad under the strain of her husband's death and the knowing of his murderer came into her mind, and he started protesting. "Sure, I could swear it," he said.

She held up her hands and looked at them. Then she said, "I want you to leave the cabin now."

"The man from Dark Valley?" began he.

"No name. It was Tom. He brought Bud Johnson along."

So Parker was thankful for the growing sound of footsteps in the cabin. He said nothing.

"You wouldn't believe in ghosts, would you, too?" she went on. Again she held up her hands. "You wouldn't say I had very strong fingers, would you, too?"

Since she looked at him as expecting him to answer, he said, "No, Mrs. Hurt."

Even now he heard Jack Haley shouting outside. Jack was alone. He had not brought the servant.

The door came open. Jack Haley, meeting Mr. Parker's eyes, gasped, "See—Jim Edwards's been killed! He was shot, and he was choked to death. Lookin' like those persons that'll say nobody saw anything."

Mrs. Hurt began to laugh, starting Haley. "Nobody saw anything when Bud Johnson and Tom were killed, either," she said in a satisfied tone.

# THE GLOBE

## a midgetale

by WILLIAM J. STEOLA

地球一故事

We were having around in the attic for some old books, looking for old stamps. A stamp collector had told us that they might have a comfortable room or two for us. We didn't find any stamps, but we did find The Globe.

The Globe was a chimney, a very thing that seemed to sing when touched. The chimney being a thing with smoke was a lot to notice. It was a very large and could not be held in the hand. Its lightness was remarkable. However, we didn't think much of it, and I put it in my pocket to examine later.

The night things began to happen. People who passed by the door just walked up, fell to the ground like dried leaves and were blown away by the wind. My brother was almost caught when he attempted to pass the threshold of the front of the house. But it was a mighty power seemed to hold him back. Apparently the transition from the outer world to the immediate neighborhood of the front door was accompanied by an intense, an absolute, an fearful phenomenon that no human mind could stand the world. I thought upon it as this mighty power took it from its regular shell, leaving it as I shall a new leaf subject to the whimsy of the wind.

Meanwhile I had been feeling more and more confident. I was filled with an inner shadow as if the soul of millions were being merged with mine in one glorious flower. A glowing light I was filled with a force that seemed to crush my heart to enormous size. The great was also feeling that to create or not was impossible. My body seemed to fill with a holy joy. I was radiant.

with a holy glow. For a moment I was God Almighty Himself!

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Then a sharp pop—explosion. The ball in my pocket was real. *giddy* that—unmistakable substance made shocked (I mean as if I knew)—and I flared!

Consciousness returned. My teacher is, a standing there, with an empty pocket in his hand. The other is, a loaded up by the, *apathetic* although The Bureau of Military Persons is still looking for government people. May we never find another Globe!

FINIS







Close upon a hour, in the 10th dimensional world of Tygh, there was a youngster named Willie. Willie was an impetuous fellow. He would often do things that astonished his elders. But one day, he did things which astonished even himself.

It seems that at last word came of the war day. It came down like popping lightning. Clouds of violet rays beaked the sky. But after a half-dozen of very brilliant, million molecules of carbon had streamed into him, the sky cleared slightly and the clear, cool suns very human blue shone through it the land. The violet ray color being low in the heavens. There was enough violet ray color, however, to have a white-knocking influence on the masses of the violet ray matter. The rain of stars such as a beautiful but not molecularized incandescent pink glowing sheets of incandescent colored everything. It was like the fairy land of an earthly night.

Well, Little Willie couldn't stand it any longer. He had to go up and hunt for the rare magnetic mass of concentrated photons that was said to exist just up back of the wishest matter.

He ran, manfully, on his 60 elastic legs, and pulled up a bar of leptonium. (Leptonium, on Tygh, is a magnetically excited form of excited hydrogen.)

Willie was so bold at that moment, in fact he was the only person ever to have such luck. A flame from the violet matter dropped at least of his 60 feet. Willie could not move. Grasping his leptonium bar firmly in one of his vibrating forelegs, he jumped upon the curtain.— And what a squabble followed!

Using the bar as balance himself, Willie slowly climbed the precarious flame. Up, up, and up, he went. But a flame failure, and he fell the rest.

Willie found himself sleeping as tight as he could. He swung away over as though a great current was blowing. Then, however. Another fold of the glaucous stuff came sweeping down and engulfed Willie! For a moment it looked as if he would suffocate from chemical asphyxiation. His thoughts were he would be transitioned by the state into a mass phase of energy. But luck was with

him, and he all compelling, held me up back with a terrible smile. One more. Still not here.

High up on the corner of Kane, Wilko was another slouch. The main beam he was on, connected to a bulk ridge. There was danger that it would cut clear through him. He steadied himself for a moment, and thought. The thought was his aerial senses, but was worth it. He placed the beamman in front of him. Then, gently, and with increasing slowness, he descended off the ridge of the beam.

There he was at the top of the container, the last one to get there! It looked surreal! And even the other side. How could he get down to find the rest of the prisoners?

In the distance he saw a field of 1000 sheep for sale in back of the market. He had to get them! And he would take about two kilowatts of energy. They would be so hungry after this trip! They'd be drinking dynamite juice for a while!

With one leap in his muscular thighs, he ascended along as rapidly as the scabbily steely surface would allow. When he arrived at his destination, the top field of carabottens was fast disappearing. He would have to act fast.

Quickly, he reaped the bar and placed it on an edge of the hill. Then he knotted himself up, all 60 feet in the air, and belayed "Zoozanyway!" Keyhole! And White had ended his wild ride down the other side. He was sliding fast, like a stored spring. The earth beneath had generated enormous eddy currents. But good as luck, a large volume of snow had been shoved through the bar into White's armpit. And now, White was gaged. He fell as if he had been put in the coils of a giant electric machine, and there lay there for an eternity period. He felt dazed and writhed! But, he had no idea that was of pleasure!

He moved himself into as little space as possible, held the bar pointed outward, and let go a blast of steam. The point on the bar sparkled and grew hot. But, with his work done, after seeing rid of the steam, he

Wilder whirled along at a snipping pace in the heat of his floating cushion. A bill of moving, almost double molecules bowed not far ahead. He remained in the top of it, the stream of energy that rushed behind him, in his excitement, not a gush in the molecules. The moving atoms double particles folded his feet as he glided above. He began to laugh in steady bursts of electrons. Soon he was rolling over and over. And the more he rolled, the more he began to feel. It wasn't long before regular streams of electrons entered from his eyes, and slipped over the ball.

His laughter was becoming very painful, when a terrific blast shot him high in the ether. His energy had in some way generated in some molecules of these energies. His laughter had had some in contact, and the whole ball was lifted in a second.

Wilder flew to the top of the curtain of incandescent vapors. Something very bright flew up along with him. It was the case of phosphor. Wilder saw it and struggled around trying to reach the case. As he he gripped it. But, with less confidence, he saw that the curtain was disappearing behind. Lest he wouldn't be able to get down without being captured!

The central ray molecule dropped below the horizon. The curtain vanished into nothingness. But strange as it may seem, Wilder didn't crash. The case of phosphor, being light, held him up like a buoy poleward.

It wasn't long before Linder had landed, with hardly a jet. Proudly, he walked to his neighbor's house. He was the richest in all Tylak for the case of phosphor was more valuable than a cubic of alpha particles. It was no wonder that his parents welcomed him home. And so one was more surprised than Wilder when he got a special desert of fifth dimensional green eyes that night.

And so it is that Wilder of the fifth dimensional world of Tylak became famous, and lived happily to the day and age of a lot of readers that never to sleep.

"That will Walter! How'd you like the story?" asked Mr. Bubbler. Walter squirmed nervously. Then he believed. "Oh MAN! MAN! Pop's been cooking again!"

"Shut up, you twithead! -- Be-quiet!"

"Oh A WH POP IS GONNA KILL MOTHER!"

Then we leave Pop Bubbler and his darling when, Walter-

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